

The Pokecurse of Missingno

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Summary: A young would-be trainer finds herself on the other end of the Pokeball

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Marissa Stevens has just turned 10 today and has always had dreams of being a famous trainer. Her father, however, had already given away his last pokemon to a new trainer. Fate has something else in store...

"Oooh! Why did Dad have to give his last Nidorino to that nerdy trainer? I'm his daughter but does he even consider that? No! Now I gotta go and find a Pok  mon to catch. Hmph!" She finally calmed down and began to search the shore near her home on Cinnabar Island. Two hours passed while Marissa searched through the woods, fields and beaches near her house. By the time evening came she would have settled for a lowly Magikarp. Watching such a beautiful sunset so entranced her that she can be forgiven for not noticing the hissing sound coming from behind her. Suddenly Marissa saw a flash of bright light and felt a sharp pain on the back of her head. Before she fainted she heard a single sound.

"Misssingnoo!"

Everything around her is darkness. Far above her is some kind of faint sound. Marissa realizes that she is asleep. "Now what? How do I wake myself up?" As soon as the question is formed a response came. She felt herself float upward to the surface like a bubble rising to the top. A painful light pierced through the darkness and led the way

to the waking world. Then she awoke.

Wind rustled through the trees, and the sound of Pidgeys filled the air. None of this helped her headache, however. Nor when she got up and immediately fell face first into a convenient water puddle. {I must still be unsteady after that hit to the head. Might as well get up and see if anything else...is....wrong?} Her thought is interrupted when she glances at her hands. Both of them were not human, ending with three rough spheres for fingers. Her gaze fell down her pinkish-white arms to her armored body and kangaroo-like legs. Then curiosity got the better of her and she moved over to the water puddle to see a reflection of her face. What stared back at her was the face of a pokemon. {What am I?!} is her first thought. {What am I gonna tell Mom and Dad?} is a close second.

Deciding that there was nothing to do but go home, Marissa began the short trek back. The walk back was uneventful and hope sprang up that neither parent would be home. {I'll be able to think of something to say before they get home,} is her foremost thought as she walks through the front door.

"Surprise!! Huh?!"

Marissa is shocked back to reality by her parents' attempt to surprise her with the wide-eyed Cubone standing between them. {Uh, hi Mom. Hi Dad.} Mom immediately faints, Dad looks extremely shocked, and the Cubone is frozen as if hoping not to be noticed.

{And then I came in the front door and saw you three waiting for me. That's everything.} Her father, Professor Stevens, listened patiently to his daughter's story and never interrupted. "Dear, did you know you are talking to me with telepathy?" Marissa has a surprised look and wonders for the tenth time about what she is. {I-it just comes naturally to me,} she stammers. "Cu bonebone bone cubone cu."

{Yeah, tell me about it.} Dad looks at the Cubone and then at Marissa. "You understood him?"

{Yeah. He said that a lot of things come naturally.}

"I see."

Dad sat there for a moment collecting his thoughts. "Well, you can only be one PokÃ©mon that I know of. You have probably never heard of the Mewtwo, have you? I know little about it except that it was created in the abandoned building across town, and that it did quite a bit of damage when it escaped. Yes, Marissa, you are a Mewtwo."

Stunned at this startling revelation, Marissa can only sit there unable to speak. She looks over at the Cubone and sees fear and respect in his eyes. Mom breaks the moment when she comes in and announces that lunch is ready. Right on cue Marissa's stomach reminds her that she never ate breakfast. "I don't know what you can eat now so I fixed a little of everything," Mom said. {Thanks, Mom.} Marissa

dug into the food with a vengeance. After finishing off a second banana she found a bowl of what looked like meatballs close by. She popped one in her mouth and chewed, discovering that it was delicious. {Hey, Mom. What are these? They're wonderful!} A big sweatdrop rolls down Mom's head. "Err... it's poké@chow. I didn't know if you would eat it so I put it on the table." Marissa thought for a moment, then said: {It's okay, Mom. I've already accepted being a Poké@mon. This shows me you accept it, too.} All three smiled at each other.

"Cubonebone bonecu cubone bone cubone?" Mom and Dad look expectantly at Marissa for a translation.

{He wants to know what I plan to do now that I am a Poké@mon.}

"Well," Dad said, "you can always start your journey with a Poké@mon trainer."

"Henry! Our daughter has been a Poké@mon for one day and you already want to send her away?"

{Mom, it's okay. That might be a good way for me to learn what I can do and know how Poké@mon feel about things. Right, Cubone?}

"Cubone bone!" It almost seems that Cubone smiling in agreement under the skull he wears.

Two hours later Dad is finishing up a vidphone conversation and Mom is watching Cubone and Marissa play their third game of checkers. Dad walks in and says: "Good news, you two. A colleague of mine in Pallet Town has agreed to take both of you in and find trainers for you. His name is Professor Oak and is considered to be the expert on Poké@mon. I told him about your situation, Marissa, and he will keep it secret. He is waiting for you to come right now." Marissa was staring at the table while he said this, and looked up at him when he finished speaking. {Well. It's time.} Marissa stood up and hugged first Mom and then Dad. She looked uneasily at the Poké@ball in her father's hand. {Do I have to go in a Poké@ball?} Dad only nodded and made ready to throw. She looked over to Cubone for assurance and felt better when the little Poké@mon gave her a thumbs-up. She closed her eyes, heard her father say: "Poké@ball, go!" Something smacked into her left arm, then there was a strange sensation of being sucked into something. The place she felt herself stop in was somehow both confining and comforting at the same time. {Might as well take a nap,} she thought, and promptly fell asleep.

All was silent in the Stevens household. Prof. Stevens and his wife both looked down at the newly-filled Poké@ball on the floor. The red light on it went out and a ping sound indicated capture. Prof. Stevens gingerly picked up the Poké@ball holding his daughter, then returned Cubone to his Poké@ball. He walked out to the car, started it, and drove to the Poké@center to have them transferred to Prof. Oak in Pallet Town.

End...?

End
file.